"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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LEIGH HUNT.

"Wit and sense,
Virtue and human knowledge—all that might
Make this dull world a business of delight."

THE father of Leigh Hunt was a clergyman of the Established Church and a man of independent mind, as the following anecdote will show :—One day, as he was discussing a question, somewhat warmly, with his bishop, this dignitary asked Mr. Hunt, somewhat pompously, "Do you know who I am ?" "Yes, my lord, dust and ashes," he replied, with a bow. The same manly and fearless spirit was marked in the character of his son, who suffered at one time two years' imprisonment for an attack on the Regent of England, in the pages of the *Examiner*, in its early days. We may here add, both father and mother, seventy years ago, through a careful study of the Bible, became Unitarians and Universalists, and remained so to the end of their days. Leigh Hunt may also be classed under the same theological head. It was from his parents that he first learned the impiety of the doctrine of endless punishment, and that Love is the only creed destined to survive all others. "So healthily had I the good fortune to be brought up in point of religion, that I remember kneeling one day at the school church during the litany, when the thought fell upon me, suppose eternal punishment should be true! An unusual sense of darkness and anxiety crossed me, but only for a moment. The next instant the extreme absurdity and impiety of the notion restored me to my ordinary feelings, and from that moment to this I have never for one instant doubted the transitoriness of the doctrine and the unexclusive goodness of futurity." He was born in London in the year 1784, and died in 1858. A few days ago, a monument, raised by public subscription to Leigh Hunt, was uncovered, at Kensal-green Cemetery, by Lord Houghton, in the presence of a distinguished number of admirers. His long and useful life, his able pen, his poetic genius, his benevolent disposition, and what he earnestly and faithfully did to promote "The Religion of the Heart," are above all praise. He felt the need of a second Reformation of religion, and never flinched from avowing how unorthodox he was even when an office of great honour might, but for this, have been offered to him. He said, "The office of poet laureate may require a man to entertain the received opinions of orthodoxy in matters of religious faith; I am not orthodox in my opinions." "I now feel it my duty to be explicit on the subject," he says in his autobiography, "to declare that I do not believe one single dogma which the reason that God has put in our heads, or the heart that he has put in our bosoms, revolts at." The necessity of religion he felt in the very depths of his nature, a sympathy with worship and the worshippers of God, that makes him write, "A church appears to me an instinctive want in the human family. I never to this day pass one, even of a kind the most unreformed, without a wish to go into it and join my fellow-creatures in their affecting evidence of the necessity of an additional tie with Deity and Infinity, with this world and the next. I sigh for some good old country church, finally delivered from the corruptions of the Councils, and breathing nothing but the peace and love befitting the Sermon on the Mount."

Leigh Hunt was much beloved among literary men; and he also won the affections of the great mass of the people. For some time he resided with Lord Byron in Italy. His sympathies, it is clear, were not much with Byron. He was full of

admiration of the good and wise men of all churches, and wrote, "I admire and love all hearty and earnest and sympathising men, whatever may be their creed, but of course I must admire most those who have given the greatest proofs of self-sacrifice." He was of a most cheerful and genial disposition. "Heaven has made smiles as well as tears; has made laughter itself, and mirth; and to appreciate its gift thoroughly, is to treat none of them with disrespect, or to affect to be above them. The wholly gay and the wholly grave spirit is equally but half the spirit of a right human creature." In his life there is no one desire more striking or more strong than the desire for the reformation of the Christian Church. The doctrine of an endless hell he regards as demoralising to the finer feelings, and says, the "transition of ideas is easy from unfeelingness in a future state to unfeelingness in the present." The truth of this is too palpable in Calvinistic character to be denied. He predicts that the future church will exclude all that is infernal and unintelligible, and its texts will be, "Behold I give unto you a new commandment;" "Love one another;" "God is Love." "There will be no hell in its teaching, no unfatherliness, no Athanasian creed—no creed of any kind but such as proves its divineness by the wish of all good hearts." We cannot wonder at such a man as Leigh Hunt writing the popular lines:—

"Abou Ben Adhem—may his tribe increase!
Awoke one night from a sweet dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight of his room,
Making all light, and like a lily bloom,
An angel, writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the Presence in the room he said—
'What writest thou?' The angel calmly raised his head,
And with a smile, made all of sweet accord,
Answered, 'The names of those who love the Lord.'
'And is *mine* one?' said Abou. 'Nay, not so,'
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still, and said—'I pray thee, then,
Write me as one who loves his fellow men!'
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again, with great, awakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blest,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!"

INFANT DAMNATION BEATING A RETREAT.

A few Sundays ago Mr. Spurgeon magnanimously declared, in reply to a secularist charge, that he did not believe, and never did believe, in infant damnation. He added, we understand, that no sensible man could hold so impious a thought of the government of God. The same repudiation is going on all over our country, and in America too, which indicates an improved state of reason and human feeling; and the transition will be easy from the denial of infant damnation to renouncing adult damnation; for the question may be fairly considered, at what age do human beings pass into the possibilities of a peril so great as that of endless misery? Some may fix the change at seven, others at fourteen, and others again at one-and-twenty. The answer at last will certainly be that no age incurs so awful a fate, for all punishment of sin here, or hereafter, will be "according to the deeds done in the body." There never can be any proportion between the sin of a few years and the suffering of an eternity. Another phase the discussion of infant damnation has taken in America is, some deny that this doctrine has ever been preached, and old people are coming forward in different States and signing affidavits that they have heard preachers say, "No doubt that hell is lined with the skulls of infants not a span long." It is a sad fact that this fearful statement has ever been made and so often repeated. The writer of this article has heard the member of a Presbyterian Church say, "My own minister has uttered his belief in the damnation of little children;" and the minister of a rural parish church express his fear concerning the future happiness of infants not baptised in the Established Church. We may now hope in the midst of protestations such as Mr. Spurgeon's, and of denials of some in high position, that this doctrine could ever be believed, that never again shall human ears be affronted or the heavenly Father insulted with such a base assertion. Nor would we be surprised that in after times, and not long hence, the members of the Christian Church will be incapable of believing that the doctrine of an endless hell of misery, for any age or condition, was ever believed in by any sane mind.

FAIR MARGARET'S GRAVE.

A LEGEND OF THE HIGHLANDS.

LONG years ago, in Scotland's lawless days,
By Christmas fires, or in the opal light
Of summer eves, grey gossips, whisp'ring low,
Spoke of a murder and the marvels strange
That followed, to the truth whereof themselves
Were witnesses. 'Twas thus the legend ran:
Within a Highland glen, whose limits formed
The bound'ry line to her contracted world,
Lived a sweet maid named Margaret, and called,
By all who knew her, Margaret the Fair.
Her parents both were dead, and chiefly did
The tendrils of her heart entwine themselves
Round her twin brother Donald, who in mind
Resembled her, and bore upon his face
A coarser copy of her own.
It chanced,
One eventide, that at their dwelling knocked
A wayfarer, half blinded by the flights
Of feathered arrows, barbed with icy points,
Which the dark sky rained on him. Son was he
To the rude chieftain of another clan
Than theirs, but they, in honour of the rank
He bore, received and lodged him courteously.
For many days he dwelt with them as guest,
And, careless of the wife and little ones
He in his home had left, beguiled the time
By courting in his fashion rough the maid,
Who pleased him by that graceful form which served
As casket to the jewel of her soul.
It may be, had she listened to his words
With sidelong glance, shy smile, and ready blush,
He would ere long have cast her from his thought,
All lightly as a wayward child who flings
Aside with peevish gesture some gay toy
Fresh granted to his tears;—but the sweet maid,
E'en by her cold repulse, unwittingly
Inflamed the chieftain's son, and that which he
Called love, roused in him passionate and strong;
Nor, when the clearing weather suffered him
His journey to pursue, did he forget
Fair Margaret, but soon, with eager steps,
To her poor dwelling wended once again,
And, in the absence, most inopportune,
Of her brave brother, harassed her with gifts,
From which, with quiet scorn, she turned away.
Then in his breast untamed fierce love gave place
To fiercer hate, and in an evil hour,
By anger mad inspired, seizing his dirk,
He smote her to the heart. Instant she fell,
And breathing one word, "Donald!" with a sigh
Looked upwards as in pray'r, till on her eyes
Death pressed his chilling hand and darkened them
For evermore.
The wretch who slew her fled;
And Donald, swift returning to his home,
Found that its light was quenched. With anguish deep
He laid his sister lowly in the ground,
And kissing the green sward that covered her,
Planted an ash on either side her grave.
Ere long a rumour ran throughout the glen
That on wild nights, when rounded was the moon,
The maiden's form might dimly be discerned,
Sitting in attitude disconsolate
Beneath the ashen boughs; as if she mourned
Her all untimely end. Straight from the spot
Shrank the rude dwellers of the glen—women,
And prattling young ones, aye, and stalwart men,
Who, in the face of Death, confronting them
Upon the battle field, had looked and laughed.
Sure they forgot that gentle Margaret
Had in her lifetime kind and loving been,
And that 'twould wrong her greatly if they deemed
She would molest them now.
Yet one there was,
Not wiser than the rest perchance, but filled
With love so great that it o'ermastered fear—
Donald, the twin bereft. He, when the winds
Were loudly sobbing, 'neath a full orbed moon,
Sought her lone grave. There, in the fitful light,
She sat;—not in her aspect terrible,
But bearing on her face the look of one
Who waits the coming of a well-loved friend,
And, eager to behold him, has no thought
Or care for aught besides. "Oh, dear to me
Beyond all others dear," the brother cried,
"Say, wherefore dost thou haunt this nether world?
Are then the gates of heav'n so strongly barred
That they deny an entrance e'en to thee?"
He ceased, and bending low his head, received
The spirit's soft reply. "I enter not
My rest till my eyes see their wish fulfilled
Concerning him who slew me, and a cross
O'ershades the spot where rest the cast-off robes
Which garmented my soul." Her thrilling voice
To silence sank, and Donald, when again
He raised his head, saw nought before him save
The ashen trees that with the moonbeams danced,
Casting a changeful pattern on the sward.
But ere the self same moon which shone that night
Rose sickle-shaped above the morning star
A cross of pine wood marked the maiden's grave,
And Donald, with a band of mountaineers,
Was marching to avenge her murder. They,
In the dark, with noiseless footsteps neared
The habitation of the chieftain's son,
And meeting no response to their demand
For him the slayer, soon with cruel flames
Begirt the dwelling, which at day-dawn stood
A blackened ruin 'gainst the saffron sky.
The inmates all had perished, all save two,
The murd'rer and his only son, a boy
Of some eight summers, innocent and fair.
They through a window had escaped unseen,
And, fleeing to the moorlands, hidden lay
'Mid an entanglement of golden broom.
But Donald knew not this, and when again
The winds moaned loudly and the moon was full,
He hastened to his sister's grave, trusting
That glad assurance would to him be giv'n

Of her sweet spirit's rest. Yet scarce had he
Bowed to the pine-wood cross his head, when lo!
A flash of lightning struck it to the ground,
And at that instant, in the lurid blaze,
Fair Margaret was seen, sitting forlorn
Between the ash trees, that above her tossed
Their arms in lamentation. Then a cry
Of bitter anguish broke from Donald's lips,
His senses all forsook him, and he fell
Upon the haunted grave.

Red streaks of light
Were, like triumphal banners, heralding
Th' approaching sun, when from his swoon he roused,
And hope woke in him with reviving day.
Soon, o'er the spot which his undying love
Deemed hallowed, he upraised a cross of stone;
And when he knew that still the murd'rer lived,
He, summoning his kinsfolk far and near,
Assailed with fire and sword the hated clan
That sheltered him, nor did he stay his hand
Till, after months of warfare, in a fight
Most desperate, a mutilated corpse
Was found, wearing the eagle's plume, which marked
The rank barbaric of the chieftain's son.
His foster brother had assumed his garb,
And in his stead, a hero without name,
Or knowledge—even to himself—had died.
But Donald, unsuspicious of the truth,
Rejoiced to think that he for Margaret
Had won repose.

His hopes were blighted all;
For, on a wild and wintry night, he saw
The maiden's spectral form mourning once more
Beneath the ashen boughs. Her downcast eyes
Dwelt thoughtful on a heap of scattered stones,
Sole remnants of the cross which he had raised
Above her grave. Its strength had not withstood
The fury of the winds, and Donald wept,
And wrung his hands in agony of soul,
Perceiving that his labours had been vain.
"How! dost thou seek," he cried, "for vengeance still,
Belovëd one? Say, have I spared the sword,
Or hearkened weakly to that inner voice
Which bade me pity show? Nay, rather I,
Through love of thee, have brought drear orphanage
To innocents who never heard thy name.
Speak then, I pray thee, oh, sweet sister, show
How I can work thy will concerning him
Who slew thee." Immovable the spirit
Sat, nor raised her drooping eyes, and Donald
Turned in wild despair, to flee he cared not
Whither.

The winds lamented, and the moon
In sympathy seemed mourning, for closely
She around her drew a sombre veil; yet,
To dissipate the gloom, faint gleams of light
From the white snow reflected came, which showed
To Donald, as all purposeless he fled,
An object in his pathway lying. He,
Impelled by pity half instinctive, stooped
And raised it in his arms. 'Twas a young boy,
Benumbed with cold, and yielding to the grasp
Of that insidious sleep which onwards leads
To death. But Donald, with a patient care,
Chafed his chilled limbs, and roused him back to life,
Till a white beam faint struggling thro' the clouds
Revealed the tartan which his eyes abhorred,
And by the boy's rude ornaments he knew
That on his knees he held the murd'rer's son!
Then had he dashed him headlong to the ground,
But the poor child, reviving, upward turned
A gentle face that all his wrath disarmed.
"Oh, spirit of my sister, say," he sighed,
"Must he, this young one, die, to win for thee
Repose?" There came no answer, but the winds
Their wailing stilled; and, casting from her far
Her mourning weeds, the moon displayed a face
Unveiled. Meantime, the boy had round him gazed.
"Good sir, I know thee not," he said, "but where,
Oh, tell me where is he, my father?" "How!
Doth thy father live?" demanded Donald.
"Aye, truly, truly, sir, but he hath many foes;
Yea, e'en in our own clan are wicked men
Who have against him turned, so he was forced
To flee, and I fled with him. Then, the snow
Came on, the cruel snow, which 'wildered us,
Till wholly we did lose our track. Long time
My father bore me in his arms, but when
Within this glen we found ourselves, his strength
Forsook him, and, unable to support
My weight, he laid me on the ground, while he
Went onward, seeking for some friendly cave
That might afford us shelter. He bade me
As I valued my own life, to wrestle
With approaching sleep; but I, forgetful,
Drowsy grew, and, save for thee, had haply
Died. But see, good sir, he comes. Lo! yonder
Is my father."

Yes! face to face at length
The two men stood, and for the guilty one
That moment would have proved his last
Had not the boy in wild amazement seen
The coming blow, and clung round Donald's knees
Imploringly. "Oh, do not smite him, sir,
He cried. "Sir, thou hast saved my life, thou sure
Must kindly be; then wherefore wouldst thou smite
My father?" "Thy life! and hath he saved it!"
Cried the chieftain's son; "then do I thank him.
As for mine, tis like a debt long standing,
Due to him. Young man, I cannot fight thee,
For my strength is gone; but in thy mercy
Free me quick from pain." "Nay, do not smite him,"
Pleaded still the child; and tears unbidden
Sprang to Donald's eyes. "Forgive me, spirit,"
He at length exclaimed, "if in my weakness
I do spare this sinful man, thy foe.
I cannot slay him faint and powerless,
I cannot slay him in his own son's eyes,
And, since this child doth love him, e'en in him

Perchance some goodness dwells. He of his deed
May yet repent; and, trusting this, I hold
My hand from wished-for vengeance, lest I wrong
His soul." Until that hour had penitence
Been to the chieftain's son unknown; but now,
Mixed with the sullen anger 'gainst himself,
Which troubled him, a softer feeling came—
Forgiveness from his brother man awoke
Vague hope, and vaguer longings in his breast
For pardon e'en from heav'n. "Good! good in me!
Dost thou say so?" he cried. "Would I might live
To verify thy words! Yet, ah, young man,
This may not be!—'tis said that Margaret
Invokes just judgment on her murd'rer's head
Then, I exhort thee, slay me and procure
Peace for her troubled ghost."

The winds arose
Again, but with a murmur musical,
And the fair moon serenely trod the sky,
Shedding her beams abroad, like some proud queen
Who, on a progress wending, largess strews
With bounteous hand around. But a strange awe
Thrilled through the hearts of those two men, who gazed
Upon each other still; for to the eyes
Of both revealed, though by the boy's unseen,
The maid beside them stood. On her sweet face
Abode a look it ne'er had borne before,
For when did earthly countenance express
Not love—not joy—not peace alone—of these
May mortal faces tell—but the deep rest
Which rises only when the soul can say,
"Lo, now, now am I *satisfied!*"

Then she,
The murdered one, to Donald turning, spoke,
"Why did'st thou think," she gently said, "that thou,
By going counter to thy nature, which
To mine is kindred, e'er could work my will?
But, brother, thou hast wholly wrought it now:
My eyes, which with long watching weary grew,
See their desire fulfilled concerning him
Who slew me, and I enter on my rest!
Farewell, belovëd, till we meet again—
You, I—he also if he will—since e'er
For penitent is welcome glad in heav'n."

How passed her spirit to its home away?
The brother knew not, nor the chieftain's son;
But never more fair Margaret was seen
Haunting her native glen. When morning broke—
The morn succeeding that strange night—'twas found
That the two ash trees each to each had bent
Until their graceful stems had meeting crossed.
They in this form remained, for whether spring
Invested them with leaves, or autumn stripped
Their slender branches bare, no strength of arm
Or human skill availed to straighten them
Again. Thus, as the years rolled on, there stood
A living cross above the maiden's grave.

BEATRICE A. JOURDAN.

SPIRITUAL LIFE.

A LIFE of disobedience and wrong actions is a life of continual pain, intricacies, doubts, scepticism, trouble. "Wisdom's ways" alone "are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

What a sphere of action is there for the individual at home! In the ordinary sphere of domestic life, how extended that sphere, how important our actions! It is not so much in a few great things that we do that our lives are made truly important or valuable; but in the constant performance of little duties, which performance gives the soul its true direction, and goes to make up the sum of human happiness.

It is not the value of the thing itself we have obtained, or the pecuniary reward of our labour, that determines the value of life, but the meaning we have derived from it, and the culture and development that have been produced by the service.

Wrong and error can never become immortal, no matter how colossal they may grow. Truth and right alone have the germs and requisites of immortality.

The immortality of the soul may be demonstrated by a very simple process. Everything in nature arrives at maturity before it ceases to exist—the flower, the star, the tree. Does man arrive at maturity at what we call death? So far as perfection or completeness of being is concerned, does not the humblest flower that blooms around our feet put us to shame, if there exists no life beyond that of our present bodies? When the flower has put forth its leaves, and subserved the purpose for which it was designed—the exhaling of its perfume, the bearing of its fruit or seed—it must die. Nature has no further use for it. Can it ever be said so of man? Does not every day bring new wants, new desires, and thus necessitate the next, and so on for ever? Immortality is no uncommon thought. It is but the miracle of every day constantly repeated. The philosophy of it is seen by the relations we sustain to God—those of perpetual receptivity.

If we wish to obtain a thing we seek for it; it is the way by which alone we can expect to obtain it. What, then, is prayer? The heavenly desire and expression of the soul by which it expresses and seeks to supply some wants for which it feels a need. Our desires are expressed

in a twofold way: by the expression of our want, the sincerity of our desire to obtain it, and work, by which we expect to obtain it. Prayer, then, fulfils the law of receptivity, by opening a way through which the blessing may come, and thought and work are the messengers who bring it to the soul. The mere words of prayer are nothing, as they may exist without the soul animating them, so as to give them life, as there may be fissures in the rocky lips of a mountain, without there being the cool waters of a fountain flowing through them.

All truth belongs to God. No individual, then, should regard it as his personal property. If he does, his arrogance and self-love close up the gates by which it flows into the soul, and what truth he has dies within him, or is made inoperative. As in us all truth is progressive, so the mind should be left continually open for the enlargement and modification of our thoughts, and for the reception of new ideas. —*Wayside Thoughts.*

HOME'S HARMONY.

THE lark may sing her sweetest song,
As rising from the waving corn,
On soaring wings, she skims along
To welcome in the rising morn:
Her sweetest song is nought to me,
Compared to home's sweet harmony.

Deep in the woods the nightingale,
At midnight hour, may tune her lay;
May pour upon the list'ning vale
Her loveliest streams of melody:
Lovely her midnight lays may be,
But lovelier home's sweet harmony.

Sweet are the songsters of the spring,
And of the summer's sunny days,
And autumn's feathered warblers sing
In rapturous strains their sweetest lays:
Lovely the songs of bower and tree,
But lovelier home's sweet harmony.

But oh, what cheers the winter night,
When all around is dark and gloom,
When feathered songsters take their flight,
Or fill a gloomy little tomb?
'Tis at such hours as these that we
Prize most our home's sweet harmony.

Oh, when dark clouds above us lower,
And life's drear winter o'er us comes,
'Tis then we feel your magic power,
Ye songsters of our hearts and homes;
For soon the lowering clouds do flee
From our dear home's sweet harmony.

MAKE YOUR OWN SUNSHINE.

"OH, dear, it always *does* rain when I want to go anywhere!" cried little Jennie Moore. "It's too bad!"

"Perhaps so," said Uncle Jack; "but you need not have a bad day unless you choose."

"How can I help it? I wanted to go to the park and hear the band, and take Fido and play on the grass, and have a nice time, and pull wild flowers, and eat sandwiches under the trees; and now there ain't goin' to be any sunshine at all; and I'll just have to stand here and see the water run off the duck's back all day."

"Well, let's make a little sunshine," said Uncle Jack.

"Make sunshine!" said Jennie; "why how you do talk;" and she smiled through her tears. "You haven't got a sunshine factory, have you?"

"Well, I'm going to start one right off, if you'll be my partner," replied Uncle Jack. "Now let me give you three rules for making sunshine: first, don't think of what might have been if the day had been better; second, see how many pleasant things there are left to enjoy; and, lastly, do all you can to make people happy."

"Well, I'll try the last first," and she went to work to amuse her little brother Willie, who was crying. By the time she had him riding a chair and laughing, she was laughing too.

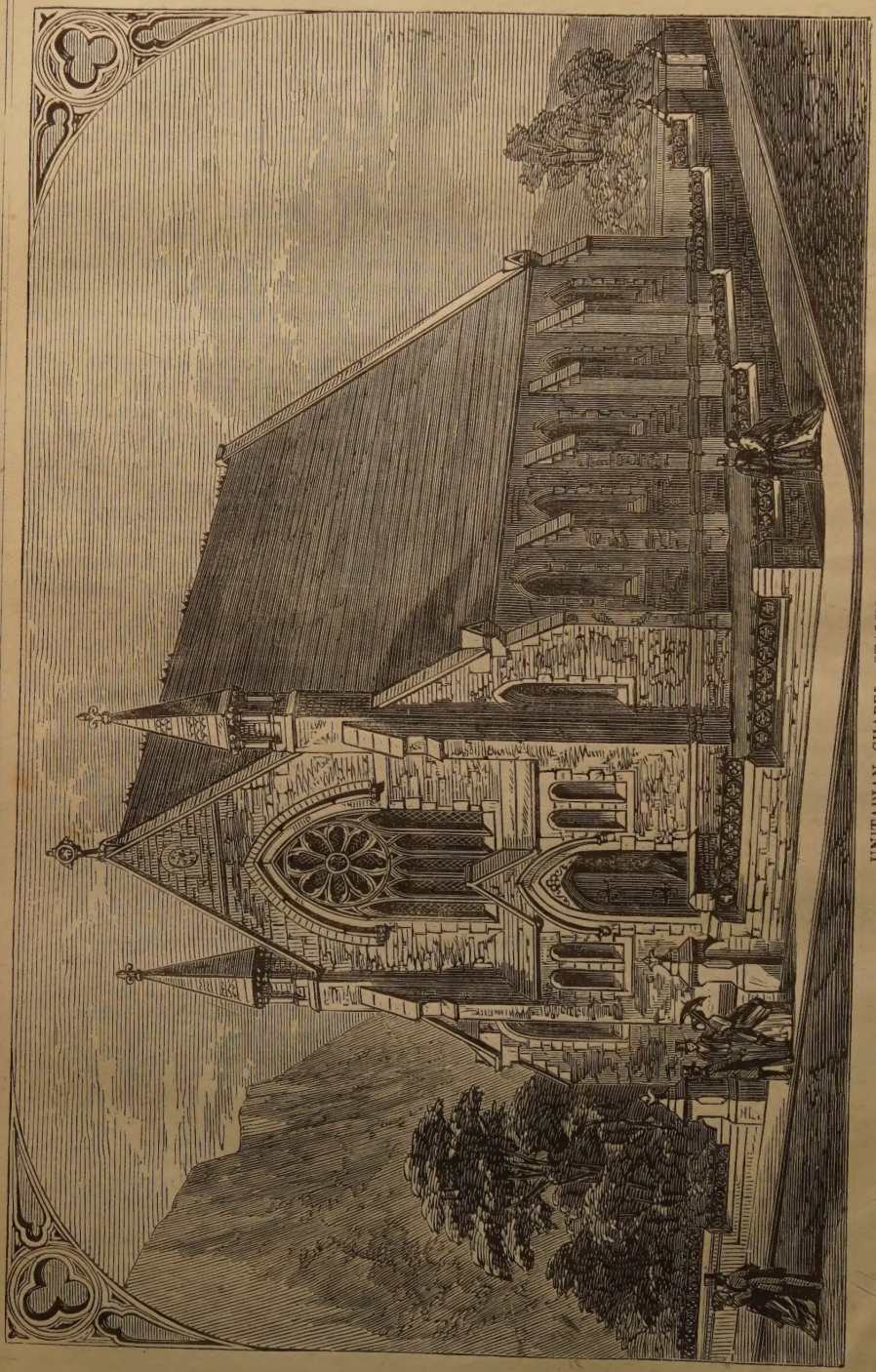
"Well," said Uncle Jack, "I see you are a good sunshine maker, for you have got about all you or Willie can hold just now. But let's try what we can do with the second rule."

"But I haven't anything to enjoy, 'cause all my dolls are old, and my picture books all torn, and—"

"Hold," said Uncle Jack, "here's an old newspaper. Now let's have some fun out of it."

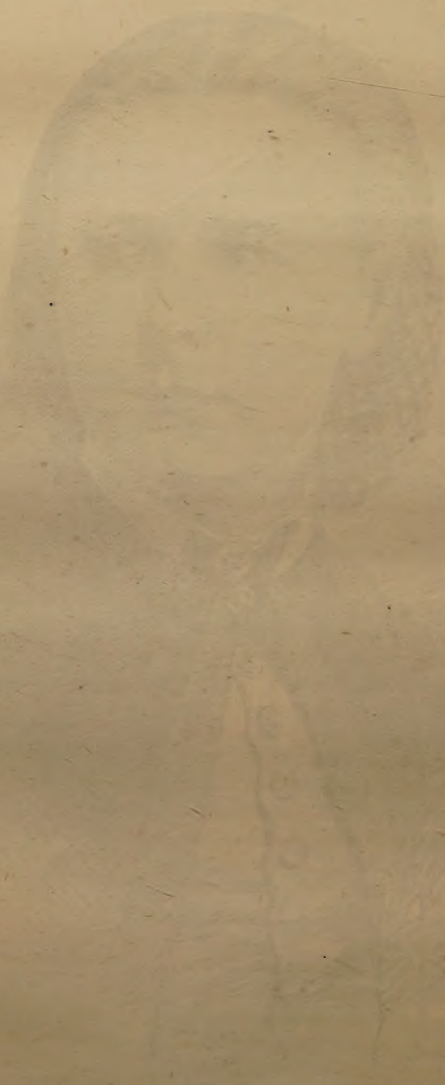
"Fun out of a newspaper; why, how you talk."

But Uncle Jack showed her how to make a mask by cutting holes in paper, and how to cut a whole family of paper dolls, and how to make pretty things for Willie out of the paper. Then he got the tea-tray and showed her how to roll a marble round it. And so she found many a pleasant amusement, and when bed time came she kissed Uncle Jack and said: "Good night, dear Uncle Jack."



UNITARIAN CHAPEL, STALYBRIDGE

MISS EMILY FAITHFULL.



UNITARIAN CHURCH, STALYBRIDGE.

No review of the rise and progress of Unitarianism in Stalybridge would be complete without reference to the important influence exercised in past years by the Dukinfield Old Chapel and the Sunday-school connected with it; indeed, for many generations the members of the Dukinfield congregation and the scholars in their Sunday-school have been largely drawn from Stalybridge.

The late Rev. Robert Brook Aspland, M.A., who began his ministry at Dukinfield more than thirty years ago, frequently preached and lectured in Stalybridge, and his gentlemanly bearing and scholarly teachings are still cherished in the memories of many members of the Stalybridge Unitarian church. He was succeeded at Dukinfield by the Rev. John Gordon, who delivered several courses of Sunday evening lectures in Stalybridge, and assisted in the formation of the East Cheshire Christian Union, which has supplied the pulpit at Stalybridge until the present time.

In July, 1862, a Sunday-school was established by a number of teachers, and former teachers, of the Dukinfield School. It has continued to progress in numbers and influence, until there are now 450 scholars and teachers in regular attendance.

In January, 1866, the teachers formed themselves into a "church," and their progress during that year was so satisfactory that the East Cheshire Christian Union appointed the Rev. Francis Revitt missionary to the neighbouring congregations of Stalybridge and Mottram.

During the year 1867 the members of the congregation were busily preparing for a "sale of work," which was held in the autumn, and realised £112 as the nucleus of a building fund. At the annual meeting in 1868 a building committee was appointed to solicit further donations, and proceed to the erection of a suitable place of worship. The land on which the church is built was given by Messrs. John and William Leech, of Stalybridge; the foundation stone was laid by Mrs. Leech, of Gorse Hall, on Whit Friday, 1869, in the presence of the teachers and scholars of the Stalybridge and Dukinfield Unitarian schools, the members of both congregations, and a large concourse of people. The building is now rapidly approaching completion, and will be opened as near next New Year's Day as possible; and the Rev. Francis Revitt having accepted the unanimous invitation of the congregation to become their resident minister, will enter upon his duties on that occasion. The church is built of Yorkshire stone, and its internal dimensions are 55ft. by 33ft., exclusive of organ gallery. Underneath the organ gallery is the minister's vestry and room for warming apparatus. The roof is open-timbered, and the whole of the timber and seats are of pitch pine, stained and varnished. The entire cost of the building, including boundary wall, &c., will be from £1400 to £1500, towards which the committee have received subscriptions and promises amounting to £1300. The architects are Messrs. Hill and Swann, of Leeds, and the contractors Messrs. Garside, Barnes, and Co., of Stalybridge.

MISS EMILY FAITHFULL.

Miss Faithfull is little known as an authoress; but she is well-known as a lady of thoughtful, energetic character, who has put her hand to the work of finding remunerative employment for women. From the first she has enjoyed the special patronage of the Queen, to whom she has been introduced, and for whom she has already done some work. This distinguished favour of her Majesty has done something to give popularity to Miss Faithfull's schemes for the employment of women in printing, &c. &c. In 1860 she took a large house near Russell-square, and there initiated many of her sex, with the help of some experienced hands, into the art of type setting. A few men were employed to do the heavy work and keep the machinery in order. A large establishment was afterwards taken in Farringdon-street, which was called, by royal sanction, "The Victoria Press." A publishing office connected with this firm was next opened near Hanover-square. Like all reformers, this lady has been subjected to misrepresentations and calumnies. Her liberal theological views led to an attack, by the *Morning Advertiser*, for which, during the present year, an action was brought and damages had to be paid. Miss Faithfull is in her 34th year.

FREEDOM IN THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH.

It has become a habit, like many a habit, that has no foundation in the nature of things, to unduly praise the liberty enjoyed by the members of the Church of England. Even Mr. Voysey, who has just been dragged from his pulpit to a court of law, speaks of the liberty of the Church as the one thing that pre-eminently exalts it above any Dissenting community; and that amid the rubbish of impious creeds and absurd dogmas, the Church of England ought to be loved for the liberty its people enjoys. The thing most painful to us is at times to hear this perverse statement, about freedom in the Church, from Unitarians. Let us ask, What is the freedom so much boasted of? It is true, an Englishman may go to the National Church, or stay at home if he likes, but he may so do towards any other church; and yet a part of his earnings must always, in one way or another, be contributed to the State Church, while no other Church can make any such demand. There is a claim for support, and you are not free to refuse it, for it is paid out of the State's funds: true enough, you are free to refuse her services in return for your payment, and this, we affirm, is the extent of this highly praised freedom.

The people are not free to invite a most suitable and highly appreciated man to be their minister. A short time ago, a curate near London, who had filled the church with an admiring and grateful multitude of parishioners, rich and poor, was invited by the people to allow his name to be sent to the patron of the living, on the death of the incumbent, that he might be elected as pastor. He consented, and yet the appeal was rejected, and he was removed from the parish. Things like this are of constant occurrence. Surely this is not freedom, unless despotism and freedom are interchangeable terms.

In ninety-nine cases out of one hundred, in every parish, a minister is sent, of whom the people know nothing at all. This is surely to be grandly free of all the anxieties of choice. How would we like all the other servants of our wants sent to us in this kind of way? The country is just now enjoying an ecclesiastical row, because Dr. Temple has been designated to the bishopric of Exeter. The fact is, the Crown officers can send, against the wish of all the bishops and all the clergy, whom they like, and the Church must submit. It may be well that the Church is so bound while it receives the pay of the State, but, in the name of common sense, let no man breathe the sacred name of freedom over such a state of things. It is abject slavery. It is the Church bowing to the State. We may ask again,—In what is the freedom of a State Church? Some one will tell us that its ministers, who are all sworn to her creeds and articles, can, after they have subscribed, break with little fear of ulterior consequences this solemn league and covenant, and preach infidelity if they please, or practise Roman Catholic tricks if they choose, and the chance is they will escape condemnation in a court of law. This is a freedom, which appears to us so palpably immoral, we cannot understand how any one can appreciate it. When faithlessness to a religious engagement is dissolved, when honour in reference to a holy covenant is sacrificed, and there is no power willing to arrest the delinquent, and this faithlessness is extolled, we apprehend some other serious consequences, and are not among those who rejoice at such a state of the Church. We would be glad enough to know the trammels of creeds were all swept away, but we are not glad to hear immediately after they have been assented to for the sake of office, the mocking laugh, or defiant threat, to be called to account for breaking and ridiculing them. This is a state of affairs over which a true free soul may fairly drop a tear. We repeat, neither ministers nor people enjoy Christian freedom; they are the bond-servants of the State in matters of highest and holiest interest. Their very religious exercises are dictated to them every Sabbath day as if they were children. Their Scripture lessons, and the words of their prayers, are appointed by law. How often does a minister feel on a Sunday morning, through some calamity among his flock during the week, he could select words from the Bible—Old Testament and New—to meet the occasion, to comfort sad and broken hearts. The Church clergyman can do no such thing, he is probably doomed to read lessons that day as foreign to the feelings of his people as a

dance would be to the house of the mourner. The services have all been arranged for the people, as for babies, who could not select or say what was most fitting to their views, experiences, and feelings. Some one may plead for all this—and we have no objection to much that may be said for pre-arranged services—as having certain advantages, but in the name of truth do not mention the sacred word of freedom. We have been pained by the scandalising of that word in connection with much that has been said and written of late about the Established Church. Call her creeds and articles what you like, sound, scriptural, orthodox, apostolic; and, as an institution, call the State Church religious, zealous, enthusiastic, charitable, and successful if you please, but in connection with all these things never mention the holy word, FREE. We have been led to those reflections through a paper sent us purporting to be the praise of the Rev. John Kenrick, of the Church:—"There is something imposing in her voice when she tells us what we may or may not believe consistently with salvation: her antiquity, her outward splendour, her temporal power, the learning and station of her ministers, all dispose the mind to submission; and she speaks with more calmness, because she feels that she speaks with authority. But the ministers of Dissenting churches can give no such weight to their anathemas, and in order to guard their communities from the incursions of heresy, they are obliged to make up what they want in dignity and power by vigilant inquisition and acrimonious invective."

A PRESENT SAVIOUR.

We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Saviour down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps
For him no depths can drown.

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

Through Him the first fond prayer is said
Our lips of childhood frame,
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His name.

THE TWO NEIGHBOURS.

THERE were two men who were neighbours, and each of them had a wife and several little children who depended upon them for support.

Now, one of these men was greatly troubled, saying, "If I die, or even if I fall sick, what will become of my wife and children?"

The same thought came also to the other father, but he let it go again, whispering to himself, "God, who knows all his creatures, and who watches over them, will watch over me also, and over my wife and children." And this man lived in peace, while the other knew neither rest nor joy.

One day, when the latter, sad and cast down by reason of this fear, was working in the fields, he saw some birds fly into the bush, come out, and then soon return thither. He approached it and saw two nests, side by side, and in each were several little birds, newly hatched and still featherless. When he had returned to his work he raised his eyes from time to time and looked at the old birds going backwards and forwards, carrying food to their young ones. Presently, just as one of the mother birds was returning with something in her beak, a hawk seized and carried her away, in spite of her struggles and piteous cries. At this sight the man felt more troubled than before, for he thought, "The death of the mother is the death of the little ones. Mine have only me: what will become of them if I fail them?" And all the day he was very sad, and when night came it brought him no relief.

The next day, on returning to the field, he said, "I will see how these poor little birds are; doubtless several of them have already perished." So he went towards the bush and looked into the nest; there he saw the birds, and not one of them seemed to have suffered from the loss of its mother. He was exceedingly astonished, and hid himself to see what would happen.

After a little while he heard a faint cry, and he perceived the bird of the other nest bringing with haste the food she had found, and this she divided between her own and the motherless little ones. There was enough for all.

The man who had mistrusted God told to his neighbour what he had seen, and the

latter answered him, "Why art thou troubled? God never forsakes his children. His love has secrets that we know not of. Let us believe, hope, and love, then we may go on our journey in peace. If I die before you, you will be a father to my children; if you die before me, I will be a father to yours. Or, if we both die while they are still of tender age, their father will be our Father who is in heaven."

HUMBOLDT.

ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY.

THROUGHOUT the civilised world commemorative services have been held to do honour to the name of Humboldt. He lived a life of signal service, spent the total of his days to enrich the minds of men, to add a wealth to human thought which betters all and harms none. He travelled in all the regions of the earth as a student of nature, and became one of the chief prophets of her empire, and high priest of the mysteries of her temple. He belonged to no religious sect. The reason, we think, is plain: he saw the dominant churches of the world full of false doctrines and mischievous errors. Some bold and ignorant Atheists have claimed him of late, but he was none of them, as we shall show. Could the man who penned the following words be otherwise regarded than a religious man:—"The conviction arising from a firm confidence in Almighty goodness, and justice, that death is only a termination of an imperfect state of being, whose purpose cannot be fully carried out here, and that it is the passage to a higher and better condition, should be so constantly present to us, that nothing should be able to obscure it, even for a moment; it is the groundwork of inward peace and of the loftiest endeavours, and it is an inexhaustible spring of comfort in affliction." And among his last utterances were these words, the sun shining brightly in his room while the angel of death was unloosing the cord that bound his spirit to his dying body:—"How grand these rays, they seem to beckon earth to heaven." It would appear he valued the book of Psalms, for in the second volume of the "Cosmos" he praises the Hebrew narratives, and adds:—"Their lyrical poetry is more adorned, and develops a rich and animated conception of the life of nature. It might almost be said that one single Psalm (the civ.) represents an image of the whole 'Cosmos:' 'Who coverest Thyself with light as with a garment; who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain; who layeth the beams of His chambers in the waters; who maketh the clouds His chariot; who walketh upon the wings of the wind; who laid the foundations of the earth, that it should not be removed for ever. He sendeth the springs into the valleys, which run among the hills. They give drink to every beast of the field; the wild asses quench their thirst. By them shall the fowls of the heaven have their habitation, which sing among the branches. He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man; that he may bring forth food out of the earth, and wine that maketh glad the heart of man, and oil to make his face to shine, and bread which strengtheneth man's heart. The trees of the Lord are full of sap; the cedars of Lebanon, which He hath planted, where the birds make their nests: as for the stork, the fir trees are her house.' 'The great wide sea' is then described, 'wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts. There go the ships; there is that leviathan, whom Thou hast made to play therein.' The description of the heavenly bodies renders this picture of nature complete: 'He appointed the moon for seasons; the sun knoweth his going down. Thou madest the darkness, and it is night, wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth. The young lions roar after their prey, and seek their meat from God. The sun ariseth; they gather themselves together, and lay them down in their dens. Man goeth forth unto his work, and to his labour unto the evening.' We are astonished to find in a lyrical poem, of such limited compass, the whole universe—the heavens and the earth—sketched with a few bold touches. The calm and toilsome labour of man, from the rising of the sun to the setting of the same, when his daily work is done, is here contrasted with the moving life of the elements of nature. This contrast and generalisation in the conception of the mutual action of natural phenomena, and this retrospection of an omnipresent, invisible Power, which can renew the earth or crumble it to dust, constitute a solemn and exalted, rather than a glowing and gentle form of poetic creation."

CHRISTIANITY THE ONLY PROGRESSIVE RELIGION.

BY JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

The religions of Persia, Egypt, Greece, Rome, have come to an end, having shared the fate of the national civilisation of which each was a part. The religions of China, Islam, Buddha, and Judea have all been arrested, and remain unchanged and seemingly unchangeable. Like great vessels anchored in a stream, the current of time flows past them, and each year they are further behind the spirit of the age, and less in harmony with its demands. Christianity alone, of all human religions, possesses the power of keeping abreast with the advancing civilisation of the world. As the child's soul grows with his body, so that when he becomes a man it is a man's soul and not a child's, so the gospel of Jesus contains the soul of all human culture. It continually drops its old forms and takes new ones. It passed out of its Jewish body under the guidance of Paul. In a speculative age it unfolded into creeds and systems. In a worshipping age it developed ceremonies and a ritual. When the fall of Rome left Europe without unity or centre, it gave it an organisation and order through the Papacy. When the Papacy became a tyranny, and the Renaissance called for free thought, it suddenly put forth Protestantism, as the tree by the water side sends forth its shoots in due season. Protestantism, free as air, opens out into the various sects, each taking hold of some human need: Lutheranism, Calvinism, Methodism, Swedenborgianism, or Rationalism, Christianity blossoms out into modern science, literature, art; children who indeed often forget their mother, and are ignorant of their source, but which are still fed from her breast and partake of her life. Christianity, the spirit of faith, hope, and love, is the deep fountain of civilisation. Its inventions are for the many, not for the few. Its science is not hoarded, but diffused. It elevates the masses, who everywhere else have been trampled down. The friend of the people, it tends to free schools, free government, the abolition of slavery, war, vice, and the amelioration of society. We cannot, indeed, here prove that Christianity is the cause of these features peculiar to modern life. But we find it everywhere associated with them; and so we can say that it only, of all the religions of mankind, has been capable of accompanying man in his progress from evil to good, from good to better.

CHILD LOST.

Nine, by the Cathedral clock!
Chill the air with rising damps,
Drearily from block to block
In the gloom the bellman tramps:
"Oh, yes! Oh, yes!
Child lost! Blue eyes,
Curly hair, pink dress—
Child lost! Oh, yes!"

Something in the doleful strain
Makes the dullest listener start,
And a sympathetic pain
Shoots to every feeling heart.

Anxious fathers homeward haste,
Musing with paternal pride
Of their daughters, happy-faced,
Silken-haired, and sparkling eyed.

Many a tender mother sees
Younglings playing round her chair,
Thinking, "If 'twere one of these,
How could I the anguish bear?"

Ten, the old cathedral sounds;
Dark and rainy are the streets;
Still the bellman goes his rounds,
Still his doleful cry repeats.

"Can't my little one be found?
Are there any tidings, friend?"
Cries the mother. "Is she drowned?
Is she stolen? God forfend!

"Search the common, search the park,
Seach the doorways and the halls,
Search the alleys foul and dark,
Search the empty market stalls!"

Hark! the old cathedral bell
Peals eleven, and it sounds
To the mother like a knell—
Still the bellman goes his rounds.

Half-aroused from dreams of peace,
Many hear the lonesome call,
Then upon their beds at ease
Into deeper slumbers fall.

But the wailing mother cries,
"Oh, my darling's curly hair;
Oh, her sweetly-smiling eyes—
Have you sought them everywhere?

"Long and agonising dread
Chills my heart and drives me wild.
What if Minnie should be dead?
God, in mercy, find my child!"

Twelve, by the cathedral clock!
Dimly shine the midnight lamps,
Drearily from block to block
In the rain the bellman tramps:
"Oh, yes! Oh, yes!
Child lost! blue eyes,
Curly hair, pink dress—
Child lost! Oh, yes!"

W. H. Venable.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

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DR. PARR AND UNITARIANS.—"Dr. Parr was a step in advance. He thought the Unitarians might be saved, but they must be *scorched* first. He delighted in drinking hob-a-nob with a man who was sure to be scorched before he could be fit company for him."—*Letter of Dr. King to H. C. Robinson.*

MOTHER OF GOD.—The *John Bull* hears that on the occasion of the re-opening of the parish church at Grasby, after restoration, the Bishop of Lincoln, at the luncheon, expressed his strong disapproval of the words, "Mary, God's dear mother, Israel's lily, hail!" which occurred in the recessional hymn.

THE TEACHER ANSWERED.—A Sunday-school teacher was giving a lesson on Ruth. She wanted to bring out the kindness of Boaz in commanding the reapers to drop larger handfuls of wheat. "Now, children," she said, "Boaz did another very nice thing for Ruth; can you tell me what it was?" "Married her," said one of the boys.

ANSWERING A QUESTION.—It is related of a certain minister of Maine, who was noted for his long sermons, with many divisions, that one day, when he was advancing among his teens, he reached at length a kind of resting-place in his discourse, when pausing to take breath, he asked the question: "And what shall I say more?" A voice from the congregation earnestly responded: "Say Amen!"

PERSONAL DEITY OF CHRIST.—The following anecdote may serve to show the natural effect of the doctrine of Christ's personal deity on young and ignorant minds. A boy of my acquaintance, about four years old, who had probably heard his nurse say that Christ was God (for his parents are Unitarians), lately said to his father, "Father, you are my father, and I have a Father in Heaven too; I had two Fathers in Heaven once, but one of them is dead—wicked men killed him."

NATURAL RELIGION.—Max Muller says that what men "contemptuously call natural religion is, in reality, the greatest gift that God has bestowed on the children of man." Every religion, even the most imperfect and degraded, has something that ought to be sacred to us, for there is in all religions a secret yearning after the true though unknown God. Whether we see the Papuan squatting in dumb meditation before his fetish, or whether we listen to Firdusi exclaiming, "The height and the depth of the whole world have their centre in thee, O my God! I do not know thee what Thou art; but I know that Thou art what Thou alone canst be"—we ought to feel that the place whereon we stand is holy ground.

PULPIT SCREAMING.—John King was one of the early English Methodist preachers. He accomplished a vast amount of good as a pioneer of Methodism in America. He was imprudent in the use of his voice, and did not appear to know that it is not the thunder that does execution, but the lightning, and that "bodily exercise profiteth little." Mr. Wesley, knowing his habits, wrote to him thus:—"Scream no more at the peril of your soul. God now warns you by me, whom he hath set over you. Speak as earnestly as you can, but do not scream. Speak with all your heart, but with a moderate voice. It was said of our Lord, 'He shall not cry.' The word means, he shall not scream. Herein be a follower of me, as I am of Christ. I speak loud, often vehement, but I never scream; I never strain myself. I dare not. I know it would be a sin."

AN ADMIRED DISCOURSE.—I should think myself a very bad preacher if many of my hearers came in late, just in time for the sermon, when the preliminaries were over, as some persons call the prayers. A good sermon is one that makes the hearers value public worship and their prayers in common. I could mention a minister whose chapel is always full of attentive worshippers, who are very much agreed that the excellent man rather wants preaching power. And I could mention another, whose chapel is half empty, whose hearers go away loud in admiration of his brilliant eloquence, and wondering why more people do not come to hear him. Which of the two must we think preaches the best sermon?

LOUIS BLANC ON THE SALE OF LIVINGS.—Writing to *Le Temps* concerning a recent sale of a church living, M. Louis Blanc says:—"Where we Frenchmen say—*Make a compliment*, the English say—*Pay a compliment.* Where we say—*Make a visit*, the English say—*Pay a visit.* Pay!—great word on this side of the Channel! What do they not pay for, and for how many things do they not pay, in England? They pay for a promise of marriage which they have not kept. (So, we may observe, do the French.) They pay for the honour of a husband whom they have made unhappy with his wife. They pay for the rank of ensign, lieutenant, captain, major, and lieutenant-colonel. They pay, it is needless to say, for a seat in Parliament. They pay, and this is most amusing, for the privilege of choosing the representation on earth of the majesty of God. Fancy, last Thursday they put up to auction the spiritual interests of the inhabitants of Westborough!" This is followed by a description of the method in which the patronage of our church is administered, in the course of which M. Louis Blanc speaks of the "ridiculous" privilege exercised by deans and chapters of "choosing" a bishop who is previously named by the sovereign, and whom "they must choose under pain of forfeiture and imprisonment."

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